SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XV (New Series). SEPT. 21, 1905 No. 116

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The Tightest Place I was ever in.-II
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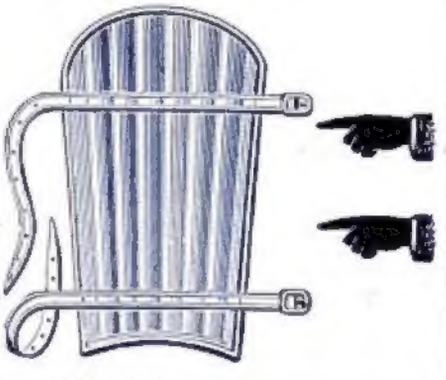

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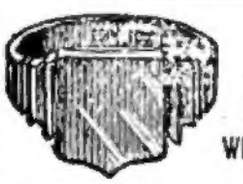

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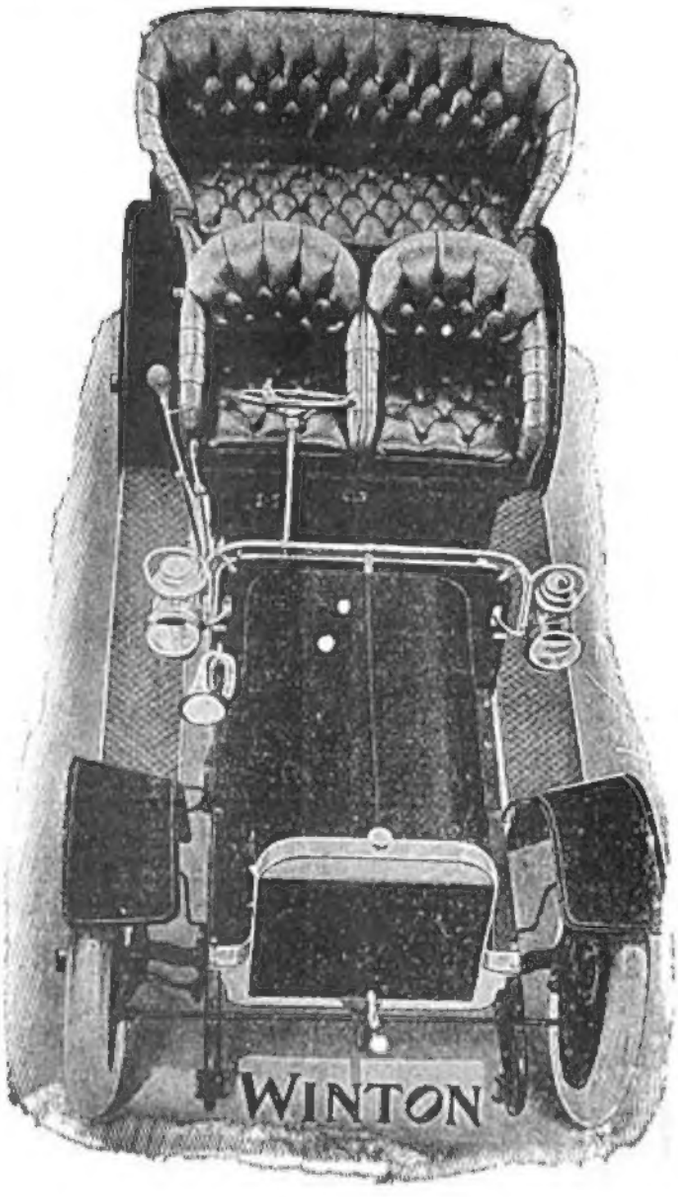

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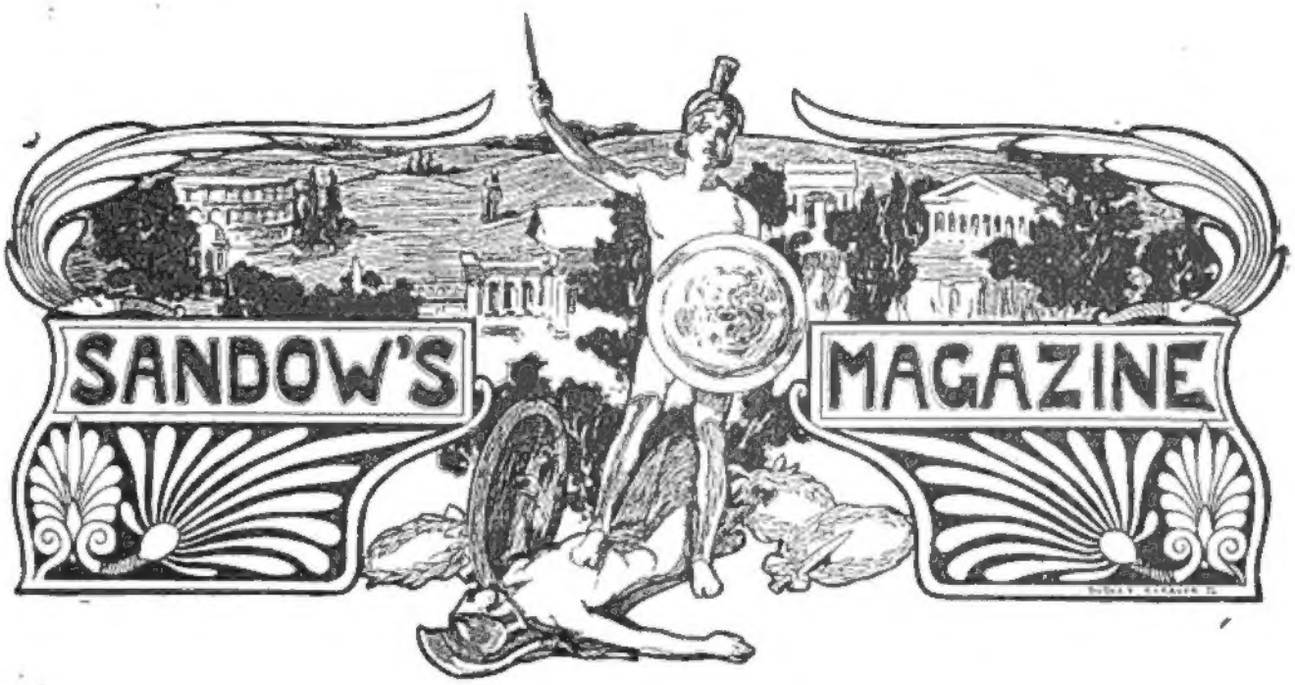

Vol. XV. (New Series). SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1905. No. 116.

Physical Culture—The Position Reviewed.

By EUGEN SANDOW.

A SPIRIT of inactivity generally prevails at this season of the year, but in a few weeks it is to be hoped matters will have once more settled down to their proper places after the holidays, and we shall then, no doubt, see things "booming" in relation to Physical Culture and National Physical Education. For some unaccountable reason people are apt to let things drop during the summer months, as if Physical Culture were a thing of moods instead of for all time. And as it is with the community, so it is with the individual. He seems to think that spasmodic exercise is systematic exercise, and that by taking it up occasionally with all seriousness and then dropping into indolence, is the proper way to take care of the body, but knowing full well all the time that a large percentage of his energy is being wasted. How often have I had to liken the human body to an engine of most delicate construction? Who would think of taking an intricate piece of mechanism, allow it to stand on one side to get rusty, and then, upon putting it into motion, expect it to work properly? If such a suggestion were made to anyone of ordinary intelligence, he would probably think you were mad. And yet, although the result must be so obvious, and the argument so unassailable, there are thousands and thousands of the English-speaking race to-day who are

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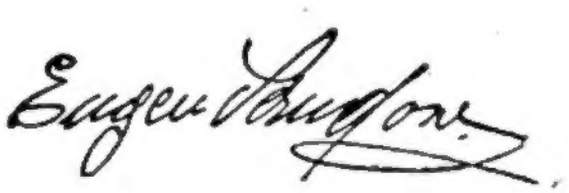
acting up to this very suicidal principle. And why? Simply because they will not allow it to be driven home to them how necessary is the systematic exercising of every organ of the body if that body is to be maintained in a proper state of efficiency or working order. Now, this has to be done at every available opportunity, and it is what I have done and intend continuing to do. For years have I been attempting to drive home to the nation the urgent need for the institution upon national lines of physical culture if we are to keep Great Britain paramount.

Seven years ago, people, when they learned my mission, hinted that my seed was being cast upon barren land, but I knew better. It only required careful fostering and constant attention to materialise, and now what is the result? The country has come to recognise the force of my argument. National Physical Education is well on the way towards being an accomplished fact, and from the highest in the land downwards through every phase of social standing, interest in the subject and its sister Hygiene is at the present moment as acute as it has ever been. The truth of Rousseau's epigram to the effect that the stronger the body the more it obeys, and the weaker the body the more it commands, is being recognised more and more. Societies and other organisations are doing much towards spreading the gospel of physical culture, but still more may be done by the individual in the shape of example. Is there not an old adage which says that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of precept? It is pleasing indeed to know that I have many followers who are willing to impart to others the benefits they have derived and how they may be obtained; but so much remains yet to be accomplished that I should like to increase the number of willing workers in the scheme of reclamation a hundredfold in order that this revival may have the desired effect upon the moral, mental, and physical future of the race.

There are some who, even now, as they did ten years ago, are inclined to scoff at physical culture as a thing of the moment, a craze; but have we not proved the fallacy and absurdity of such an argument? During the past few years I, probably more than any other man, have had an opportunity of judging the British-speaking race from the physical standpoint. My visits to America, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa taught me much, and now my recent extended tour through India has only confirmed more forcibly the impression I had before, and that is that physical culture has become a power in the land and that my years and years of hard work have not been expended in vain. But, as I have said before, much yet remains to be done, and that at home. The ravages of time have left a mark which we must set about eradicating at once if we would see an improvement in the national health anl physique, a consummation which none other than that fine statesman, Lord Londonderry, urges as most necessary. It is, indeed, refreshing to find that whilst seeking rest after arduous duties, his lordship and Lady Londonderry should still devote a portion of their time to the promulgation of the gospel of physical education and hygiene. This question of influence is one of great importance, especially so far as the lower classes are concerned, and it is to be sincerely hoped that excellent examples as those set forth by such prominent personages as Lord and Lady Londonderry, the Bishop of Ripon, Sir Lauder Brunton, and many another whose motto is "Deeds, not words," will be emulated by others until we reach that stage when physical culture shall on all hands be recognised as a necessity of daily life rather than a hobby to be played with. "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."



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Hints on Club Swinging.

By TOM BURROWS

——————(Champion of the World).

Edited by F. NEVILLE PIGGOTT.

Cinematograph photographs specially for this series by R. W. Paul, 98 High Holborn, W.C.

VI.

IN Plate No. XXI. we have again a movement in which three clubs are brought into use, but, as in previous instances, and those which will follow, the odd club may be discarded, and we still have a movement which, if neatly done, is very effective. In this lower front cross glide is shown an inward circle with the glide alternating, the movement being so plainly depicted in the series of illustrations as to obviate the necessity for detailed description. This is the case with most of the plates, and therefore I do not purpose wearying my readers with any lengthy remarks, for I feel sure that anyone with a slight knowledge of club-swinging will be able from the illustrations to perform the various evolutions shown without any difficulty whatever.

The next series (Plate No. XXII.) gives us a "double head roll." To accomplish this rather difficult movement satisfactorily with three clubs, it is advisable to practice with the two clubs in the right hand first. Then, having succeeded in manipulating them successfully and cleanly, to advance and utilise the single club in the left hand. This should be brought over the shoulder quickly, and the movements so timed that the clubs are brought across the shoulder and neck simultaneously.

Plate No. XXIII. shows the continuation of the preceding movement, from which it will be seen that the left-hand club, in being brought well over the head and right shoulder, is brought downwards and outwards to a horizontal position, and we are soon in readiness to assume the position shown in No. 1 of Plate XXII.

A lower hip swing is shown in Plate No. XXIV. The photographs are hardly so clear as could be wished, as, owing to defective light, the operator was compelled to give a longer exposure than was the case in most of the other pictures, with the result that the left-hand club, which was travelling at a much faster rate than the two in the right hand, has become blurred, but the direction of the club can easily be seen. The combination can be made from parallel or outward circles. Commence with a parallel swing, keeping the clubs in the right

hand as close together as possible, and as a variation lower back circles, the two combined making an excellent exercise, and at the same time an interesting and pleasing combination.

(To be continued.)

PLATE No. XXI.

Photo. *R. W. Paul.*

LOWER FRONT CROSS GLIDE WITH THREE CLUBS.

PLATE No. XXII.

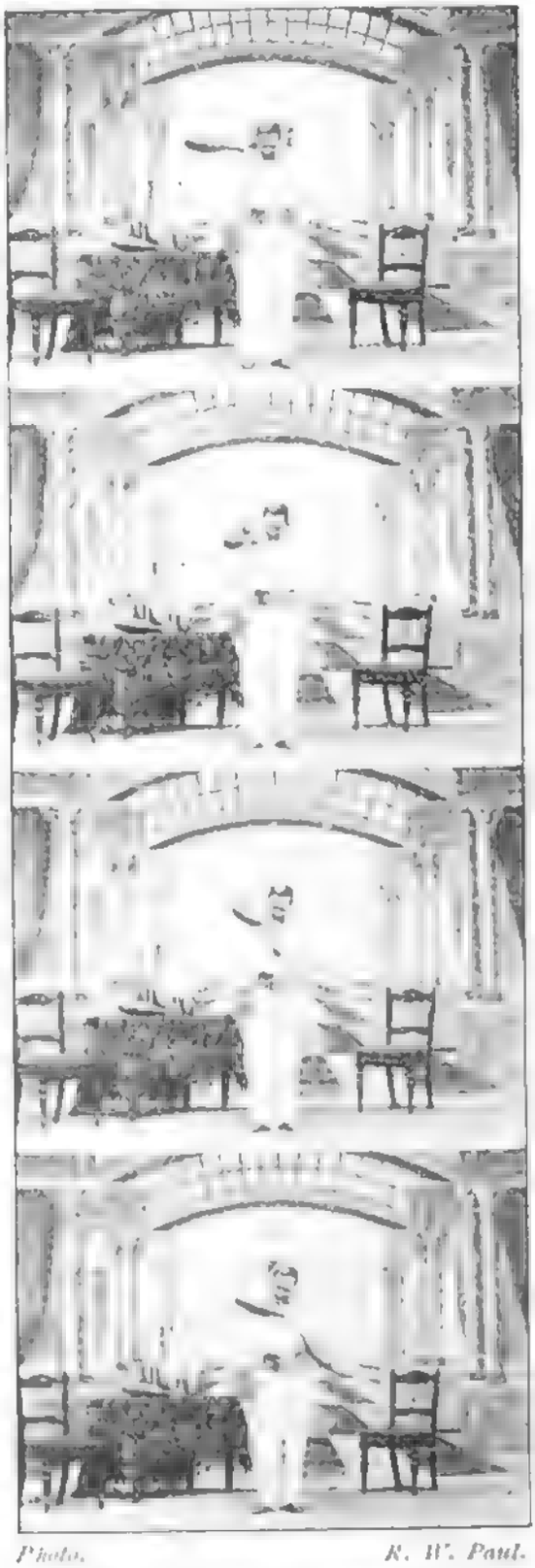

Photo. *R. W. Paul.*

DOUBLE HEAD ROLL WITH THREE CLUBS.

PLATE No. XXIII.

Photo. *R. W. Paul.*

DOUBLE HEAD ROLL WITH THREE CLUBS.

PLATE No XXIV.

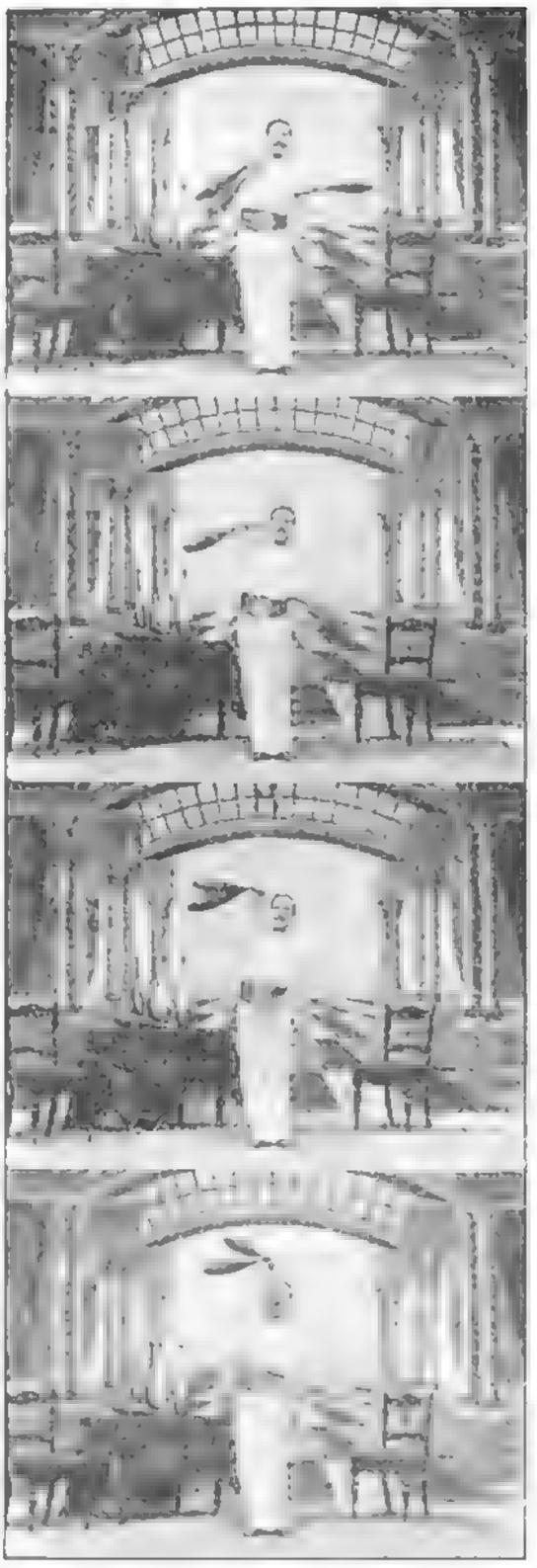

Photo. *R. W. Paul.*

LOWER HIP SWING WITH THREE CLUBS.

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The Tightest Place I was ever in.

II.—How I Nearly Starved to Death.

By HARRY DE WINDT

(Author of "The New Siberia," &c.).

• • •

IN the spring of 1890, I set out from New York with one companion, to try and reach Paris by land. Our route was across Alaska to the Behring Straits, and thence through Siberia into European Russia. A long and arduous journey of three months carried us across the American Continent, and early in September we crossed Behring Straits in the U.S. revenue cutter *Bear*, and were landed on the bleak, barren coast of Siberia. Here it was necessary to await the winter, before resuming the journey, as Arctic Siberia mostly consists of shallow lakes and marshy deserts, which can only be crossed in a dog or reindeer sled, so we bade farewell with apprehension to the snug little *Bear*, for when she sank below the horizon our last link with civilisation was apparently severed for good and all.

Oumwaidjik consists of about fifty walrus hide huts, with three hundred inhabitants of a race known as the Tchuktchis. I noticed that nearly every man carried a Winchester rifle, obtained from the whalers which occasionally call here in summer-time, and the sight of weapons in such hands was not reassuring. But it was too late now to think of such trifles, and we set about making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

The Chief Koari, a tall strapping fellow about 50 years old, led us to a dark, ill-smelling hut. We were well provided with stores for the journey, and my host displayed a keen interest in the housing of the cases, which were placed in his own dwelling. "Plenty bad men here," said Koari (some of these people spoke a Pigeon-English, learnt from the whalemen). "Bimeby come night time, ketchum box, kill you. No steal from Koari." So our provisions were stored in a place to which only the chief had access, and for the first few days a scanty ration of preserved meat and biscuit was doled out to us. But as the autumn waned this supply grew gradually less, and our diet during the last three weeks of our stay consisted solely of walrus or seal meat reeking of oil. Beside our food Koari had also seized instruments, spare clothing and medical stores, none of which we ever saw again. Remonstrance was useless. There was nothing to be said or done, for from the day that the *Bear* disappeared until the hour of our rescue, we were as completely in the power of this rapacious ruffian as a fly in the web of a spider.

DRUNKEN MADMEN.

I can never forget those eight terrible weeks, which seemed like as many years. For our dark, noisome hut was also occupied by a score of Tchuktchis—the filthiest race in creation. For the first

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few days the stench of our walrus hide home was unbearable, and amidst civilised surroundings these people would be unapproachable. Our hut was 40 feet round and 15 feet high, and we ate and slept in a dark inner space, with the atmosphere of a turkish bath, closely screened by deerskins. At the one daily meal we lay alongside a wooden platter engrained in filth, on which was laid a nauseous meal of seal and walrus meat—sometimes warmed over a seal-oil lamp, but as often eaten raw. At night, although men and women stripped almost naked, the perspiration poured off them, and even after this lapse of years I cannot recall the sights we saw without a shudder. The women were our best friends, for they always warned us of an approaching drink orgie, and concealed us until it was over.

A terrible concoction known as "Tanglefoot," manufactured in San Francisco, and traded to these people by whalemen, was the cause of these feasts, which generally took place once a week. I once tasted the stuff, which burnt my throat like vitriol, and ceased to wonder that men became raving lunatics under its influence. At one time these orgies were our greatest peril, for when a Tchuktchi becomes intoxicated, his first impulse is to get hold of a rifle and shoot. He prefers a white man to practice upon, but if there are none handy he will kill anybody, his mother herself if she happen to cross his path. During the short time we were in Oumwaidjik, two men were shot dead, and we ourselves had a narrow escape.

NO WAY OF ESCAPE.

Three weeks after our arrival, several inches of snow covered the ground, and the ice was gathering thickly around the coast. But it was only on the 9th October that I learnt that all the misery of the past month had been endured for nothing, and that our overland journey must end here. An old walrus catcher named Lew (who detested Koari) secretly assured me that the land journey to the village of Anadyrsk, our objective point, was impossible. Boats sailed in summer with furs and ivory to the Russian settlement by sea and river, but no one had ever attempted this trip of over 1,000 miles in winter, by land. Indeed, it was impossible, and Koari had been well aware of the fact when we landed. My first impulse on hearing this was to call the chief to account for his abominable treachery, but reflection showed that this course would only have subjected us to worse treatment than we had as yet received. I should add that we were never aggressively ill-treated, even by Koari, who merely treated us as inferiors to show off before his subjects, and who had appropriated our stores without the slightest fear that the theft would ever be punished. Oumwaidjik was now apparently secure from the visits of white men until the following summer, by which period (the chief probably argued) we should have ceased to exist. No violence was used towards us for the simple reason that the atrocious condition of our lives must have proved fatal in a very few weeks, and dead men tell no tales.

The first days of October crawled slowly away, and then followed a period of almost unbearable mental and physical suffering. For we had now lost all hope of ever looking upon a friendly face again. At night-time, minutes seemed like hours in that foul, dark hut, with its naked inmates and sickening smell of raw fish and unwashed humanity. Winter had now shown its teeth in the shape of a furious blizzard, and we lived mostly indoors, seldom caring to face the icy wind and sleet in our now tattered and mangy furs. Occasionally one of us would crawl down to the beach and eagerly scan the grey ice-flecked sea for a friendly sail, only to return in despair to our grimy resting place. Vermin now swarmed over us, and my troubles were greatly increased by the earlier symptoms of scurvy (sore gums and intense weakness) and a severe skin eruption, which rendered sleep impossible, save for a few minutes at a time. There was no remedy, and another week without relief must have driven me out of my mind. My companion, Harding, also contracted a painful swelling of the neck and extremities which must be peculiar to this loathsome race, for the weird disease has to

this day baffled the most skilful Paris and London physicians.

AT THE LAST GASP.

For the five days preceding our rescue we lay prone in the hut, so weak and listless that even the short walk to the beach was too great an effort. We could see, from where we lay, the Union Jack still fluttering from the old whale rib, to which it had been nailed in more hopeful days, but of what use could it possibly be now, with daylight fast leaving us? Even Koari seemed to regard us with pity, as we lay motionless through the long hours, listening to the howling of the gale and dull roar of the ice, as it gradually immured us hard and fast in this Arctic tomb. About this time the worst drink feast we experienced took place. That day Koari and his friends had drunk themselves into a state of frenzy, and during the orgie a rifle was discharged at the chief, missing him, but grazing a woman's arm. Then, as usual, a riot commenced, and fire arms were heard throughout the night, one bullet whistling through our hut. Just afterwards, a gigantic native, maddened with drink and his face streaming with blood, dashed into our dwelling, closely followed by a band of yelling roisterers. Some inmates of our hut were fortunately sober (having only just returned from seal-shooting), and managed to repel the drunken invaders, while the women cared for the wounded man, who was not, however, severely injured. Had his pursuers gained an entrance, that night would probably have been our last one at Oumwaidjik or upon this earth.

Deliverance came, as it often does, quite unexpectedly. At noon on the 18th October a gale had been raging since dawn. Only that morning I had said to Harding: "Well, it's all over now; we are done for," and less than an hour afterwards we heard a babel of voices on the seashore. Walrus catchers were there in all weathers, and presently one of them burst into our hut, breathless and drenched with rain and perspiration. "Amakpawit!" (a ship), he yelled, and rushed out again, and in less time than it takes me to write it we had followed him and joined the crowd of excited natives on the beach. And there we discerned, through a mist of sleet and driving spray, the mysterious vessel, evidently a whaler, staggering heavily along under steam, through a mountainous sea.

A LAST FIGHT FOR LIFE.

It looked, for a period of intense anxiety, as though the stranger would hold on her course due south, but when the stars and stripes were run up to the masthead, I well knew that the signal meant, "Courage, we have seen your Union Jack!" For three long hours we stood and watched the little barque as she struggled for the bay, where there was an anchorage, but by no means safety. Safety lay in the open sea, which alone was free from the heavy floes, which for some distance off shore were being buffeted by the breakers and tossed against each other with a deafening roar. But the sturdy little ship never wavered from her purpose, and finally anchored about two miles from a spot comparatively sheltered from the fury of the storm. Here, to my great joy, some natives set about launching a "Baidara," or walrus hide boat, which Harding and I secretly resolved to board. But Koari now never left us for a moment. "You no go," he kept repeating. "Big water, you drown," and this certainly seemed probable, for on this occasion we were indeed between the devil and the deep sea.

But I knew that my old friend's anxiety was not on my account, but was chiefly aroused by the probable consequences of our return to civilisation. Luckily our movements were clearly visible to those on board the whaler, or the old ruffian would certainly have forcibly restrained us from leaping into the "Baidara" as she was launched on the crest of a huge roller which nearly swept me off my feet. On this occasion, only, was I thankful that the Tchuktchis love whisky, for it was only the hope of obtaining fiery "Tanglefoot," which induced them to risk their lives in such a tempestuous sea.

A GALLANT SEAMAN.

Every moment the waves threatened to engulf us, and more than once our flimsy craft was nearly crushed like a walnut by cakes of rolling ice. At last, within a

few yards of the ship, a mountainous comber swept the "Baidara" from stem to stern, carrying away the steersman. I then thought all was over, but soon afterwards good luck sent us a line from the whaler, and I was presently swarming up a rope, so greasy with whale blubber that my frozen fingers could scarcely grasp it. But I safely scaled the slippery side of the rolling vessel, closely followed by Harding, and the next moment we were grasping the hand of our gallant rescuer, Captain Joseph Whiteside, of the American whaler, *Belvedere*, to whom we owe our lives, and whose name we shall always recall with feelings of the deepest gratitude. Another week would have been too late, for the whaler would herself have been caught in the ice of the Arctic, and unable to reach either Oumwaidjik or San Francisco. In that case these lines would never have been written, for neither Harding nor myself could possibly have survived a winter here.

A lengthened illness was the result of our sojourn with Koari, but I am glad to say that the old pirate was severely punished by the commander of the *Bear*, when the revenue cutter visited the settlement during the following summer. This, I think, is the narrowest escape I have ever had. In conclusion, I may add that I successfully accomplished this land journey from Paris to New York in 1902 (the first time this journey has ever been accomplished), but although on this occasion we crossed the Behring Straits, I took care not to pass through the village of Oumwaidjik!

III.—The Body Snatchers of the Cordilleras.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH

(Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," &c.).

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THE adventure which is hereinafter described did not happen to myself, and, all things considered, I am rather glad that it didn't. It happened to a friend of mine, a civil engineer, who was one of the pioneers in the work of opening-up the Perené District, which consists of a triangle of land enclosed by three rivers, all flowing into the Maranon, which, a good many hundred miles to the north eastward, becomes the Madeira and then the Amazon.

The Chanchamaya is a torrent which begins in the glaciers of the eastern chain of the Cordilleras, about ninety miles from Oroya, which is the terminus of the most wonderful railway in the world. This railway, I may say, in parenthesis, starts from Callao, the port of Lima, eight feet above sea level, and after piercing Monte Meiggs at an elevation of fifteen thousand six hundred and seventy-eight feet, descends to Oroya, which is twelve thousand six hundred feet above sea-level. It stopped there because the money gave out. Those were the days of Peru's splendid prosperity, due to her possession of what were believed to be the inexhaustible treasures of the Chincha Islands, the days when over a thousand ships were moored off these now deserted wildernesses. Peru could borrow money with both hands in those days, and she did. For the first and only time in the history of finance Peruvian paper money was worth more than gold, simply because the notes were easier to carry than coin.

It was then that Mr. Henry Meiggs conceived his magnificent scheme of

carrying a railway from Callao across the two chains of the Cordilleras and down through what are now the great coffee-growing districts of the Montana Region to the Amazon, with a terminus at Para, where the rubber comes from.

This railway would have been laid through the gorge of the Chanchamaya for the necessary reason that, like the Eagle Pass in the Canadian Rockies, it is the only possible route from the Eastern Andes to the Amazon.

A TERRIBLE DEATH IN A TERRIBLE LAND.

It is out of the question to give the untravelled reader anything like a definite idea of the appallingly difficult country that one has to travel through from the rail-end at Oroya down to the glorious garden lands of the Montana, yet it is in this stretch of country that you can die what is perhaps the most terrible death that even the imagination of Edgar Allen Poe could have conceived. Crawling over the high mountain passes seventeen and eighteen thousand feet above the sea-level I have often passed skeletons of animals and men whose death-stories must have been tragedies of unspeakable horror. Up there if your animal gives out the best thing you can do for yourself is to put your revolver muzzle under your ear and pull the trigger. It is impossible to walk any distance in the deadly cold, in that rarefied atmosphere where the barometer stands at under twenty inches and your heart is trying to knock its way out through your ribs. To sleep one night without shelter is almost certain death, and the chance of anyone coming along to help you is a matter of days.

For sixty miles or so the gorge of the Chanchamaya is possible for a man and beast only by a narrow pathway cut out of the mountain side on the right hand as you go down towards the Amazonas Region. It rises and falls with the mountains, dipping sometimes to the river level by a series of staircases in which all the steps are loose and then rising again; but on the average the road runs about a thousand feet above the bottom of the gorge to the left hand, and above that again to the right hand is the mountain wall which towers up to another one or two or three thousand feet according to the height of the hills that you are passing.

It was on a comparatively broad part of this path that I was riding a somewhat restive horse when a couple of donkeys, loaded with thorn-bush for fuel and driven by Indians who were possibly stupid with the combination of coca-leaf and chacta (sugar-cane brandy), came round a corner and planted their burdens under my horse's breast. He was over and on top of me in a moment, and when I came round I found myself within a few feet of a five-hundred foot precipice; but happily I had a friend with me who was accustomed to that kind of travelling. He got the horse on to his feet again, and as no bones were broken he got on to my horse and I on to his mule. It was a somewhat painful business getting to the next township, and the next day I had to lay up with my bruised leg covered with compresses made of coca leaves soaked in chacta, and from the rapidity of the cure I came to the conclusion that this is a combination which is much better to take externally than internally.

A SLIP OF THE FOOT.

About three weeks later I was riding back over the same road with an acquaintance whom I had got to know down in the Pyrené, and as we rounded one particularly ugly corner I told him about my little adventure, and said:

"It was a lucky thing for me that it was not half a mile further on in a place like this, for I should have gone over to a certainty."

"Yes," he said, with that sudden seriousness which you so often find in men who have had a pretty close acquaintance with death. "I suppose you know that if you had gone over and broken a limb you would have died in about the most disgusting way that a man could die? I very nearly did it myself once about a couple of hundred yards or so from here."

I remembered the clean-picked skeletons that I had seen up in the passes, and said:

"Yes, I think I know what you mean; but how did this business of yours happen?"

"Just as your accident did," was the reply, "only mine was in the narrow part of the track. My horse got stumbling round among loose stones and went down. I'll show you the place soon. He fell outwards and I was pinned by the leg just on the edge of the path. It was all rocks underneath, and, of course, he started kicking and struggling, jerking me nearer to the edge every time. It was only his weight on my leg that kept me from going over, and I saw that if he kept on like that we should both go; so I did some pretty hard thinking for a bit, then pulled out my revolver and shot him through the brain. Then, of course, he lay still."

"Quite the best thing you could have done, I should think, but what did you do after that?"

"Well," he said, "to tell you the truth, I put in what was absolutely the worst hour of my life. You know what these tracks are. It may be three or four days before anyone comes along, and there I was with my leg jammed under the horse and my shoulders just on the edge of the rocks. Of course, I coudn't do anything. And then I began to see specks in the sky. You know what that means here?"

"Yes," I said, remembering a vulture that I had seen hop on to the breast of a half-dead soldier. "Yes, I know. And what happened then?"

AN AUDIENCE OF WINGED HORRORS.

"They came down and perched on the stones and up on the rocks there. It was just about here that it happened, and they looked at me and the horse. They saw that the horse was dead and that I wasn't. That's the worst of it, you know. They wait about till you are so far gone that you can't hit them back. And then they go for you, face first, of course—beginning with the eyes—and then they go on till there isn't a rag of flesh left on your bones. Eat you to death by mouthfuls—or beakfuls. Every minute more of them came down, because I needn't tell you that when one of them starts all the others within miles follow him, and so they came and settled down till they made a sort of half-circle round me and the poor gee-gee. I happened to have a lot of cartridges in my jacket pocket, and so I tried to get my thoughts off what might happen by loading up and potting at them when they came too near, but, of course, I couldn't keep that up for ever, and if something didn't happen before it got dark I knew there wouldn't be much left of me or the horse in the morning."

For all the emotion he showed in telling the story he might have been talking about a game of billiards, but there was a something in his manner and a cold hard note in his voice which told me that this was real tragedy. Englishmen, however, have a constitutional objection to showing feeling, and so I asked in a tone of quite ordinary inquiry:

"And what did happen?"

"I think it was the revolver shots that did it," he replied, "for while I was potting at the condors a lot of llamas came scurrying along the path with a couple of Indians behind them. Then they turned, and one of the beasts went over. The birds got up at once and went for it. I emptied my gun after them, and then had to throw it on the track before those fellows would come near to me. They seemed to think I was mad, and I was not sure that I wasn't pretty near it. Anyhow, they took off the bridle, passed the reins round my shoulders, and one of them held on while the other two rolled my poor old nag over. Then I suppose I went off my head for a bit. Yes, it was just about here, round this shoulder. Not a nice sort of place to say 'good-bye' in, is it, and no one to say 'good-bye' to but a dead horse and a lot of hungry vultures?"

GHOULS OF THE AIR.

It was not a nice place except to get away from. On one side of the mountain wall rose from the shoulder round which

we were climbing a couple of thousand feet sheer into the pale blue sky. Seven or eight hundred feet below, the torrent of the Chanchamaya roared and growled and hissed, and between it and the track there is a wilderness of rocks and stunted shrubs. I thought again of the skeletons that I had seen in the upper solitudes and imagined a man lying down there on those rocks with half the bones in his body broken, as they probably would have been after a fall like that, and the vultures coming down from invisibility out of the sky and making a ring round him, every now and then flapping nearer to him on their heavy wings and looking at him to see if he was dead enough for them to begin their feast.

Then I put my hand down into one of my holsters and pulled out a big flask of more respectable whiskey than you would expect to find down on the Perené and pased it to my companion.

"Thanks," he said, "that's not a bad idea; but if ever I take too much of this sort of stuff I know I shall see those vultures."

How to become Healthy and Strong.

One of the most striking of recent specimens of the literature of physical culture is a neat volume, in red covers, of 110 pages, written by Mr. Eugen Sandow, entitled "Body-Building, or Man in the Making: How to Become Healthy and Strong." The price is only one shilling, but the copious advice on the most up-to-date scientific lines makes the work worth very many shillings to any reader who will follow the directions given. The subjects treated include: "Physical Culture and its Growth," "A National System of Physical Culture," "The Royal Commission," "My Scheme of National Physical Education," "Physical Culture and the Ideal Woman," "Exercise and Health," "Curative Physical Culture and Postal Instruction," etc.

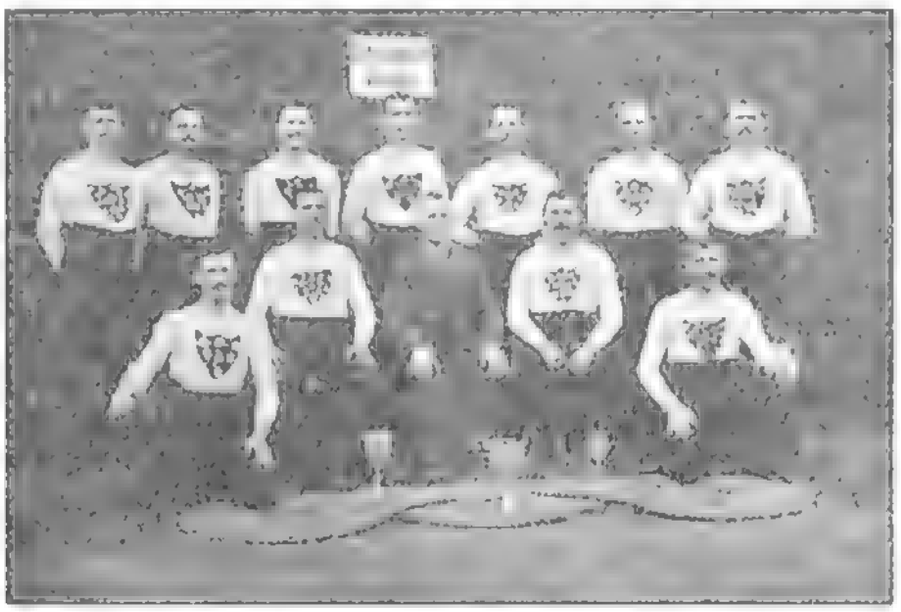
Mr. Sandow reminds his readers that the science which he is reviving is justified by striking classical antecedents, and he refers to the systems which were in vogue in the ancient Greek and Roman times, but which were lost in the Middle Ages, although Luther and Zwingli made great efforts to recover the classical modes of physical culture. In an interesting chapter the author describes his latest invention, the "Symmetrion," which applies specially to the benefit of the fair sex. The whole book is copiously illustrated by striking diagrams. It may be asked, What is the real value of this Sandow system of physical culture in relation not merely to muscular development, but also to health? The answer is supplied most impressively in the thirty-five pages of remarkable testimonials, some of which are from people who note that they were perfect wrecks until they tried the system.—*Christian Commonwealth.*

Mr. Sandow's arrival in England after his successful tour in India will be fully described in our next issue.

A Champion Tug-of-War Team.

CITY OF LONDON POLICE A.C.

WE have great pleasure in presenting to our readers a photograph of the tug-of-war team of the City of London Police, which holds a brilliant and unique position in the athletic world, for during the past four years of its existence it has only once known defeat in fifty-four open contests. Amongst the teams which have had to strike their colours to this fine troupe are the Royal Marine Artillery (champions of the Army for seven years), the police forces of Liverpool, Bootle, Devonport, Stonehouse, Exeter, Dover, Weymouth, Oxford, Cambridge, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Ipswich, Suffolk, Norfolk, the whole of the Metropolitan Police teams, and several London and provincial athletic teams.



As in 1904, the team this year has again won every competition, to the number of a dozen, which represents also the defeat of sixty-two teams opposed to them. As may be seen from the excellent photograph, which, by the way, was taken by P.S. Smith, of the Bishopsgate Division, several of the team can boast of having taken part in a large proportion of the competitions, and we are assured that these do not represent the sum total of each man's successes.

But few can realise what an extent of self-denial must be necessary in order to obtain such a record as that of the City of London Police A.C., who, in order to accomplish such a performance, must perforce keep themselves in strict training for something like six months. Their gymnasium training during the winter months, which, we are pleased to state, is on the Sandow principle, stands them in good stead, however, and, thanks to the efforts of their captain, Sergeant Tapp, they stand well to their guns, and are able to come out with flying colours.

The names of the members of the team shown in the accompanying photograph are, reading from left to right (top row): P.C.'s Goodfellow, Robjent, Axford, Wills, Haylock, Bailey and Humphreys; (bottom row) P.C.'s West and Hirons, P.S. Tapp (captain), A.P.S. Monk, and P.C. Mullender.

Sculling Championship of America.

E. Durnan Defeats Tom Sullivan.

* * *

[The "Toronto Mail" of August 24 contains the following description of the Sculling Match for £500, which took place on Toronto Bay.]

* * *

IN a race that, for the first half, sparkled with keen contest, but deteriorated into a procession on the return journey, Edward Durnan, of Toronto, defeated "Tom" Sullivan, of London, England, on Toronto Bay, yesterday afternoon in a three-mile race with a turn for 1,000 dols. a-side and the championship of America. Thousands of persons witnessed the race. Hanlan's Point, where the race was started, was thronged, and along the banks on Centre Island and at Ward's great crowds were congregated. Boats of all descriptions lined both sides of the course. The course was from Hanlan's Point to Ward's, a distance of one mile and a half and return. The water was perfect, as what little wind there was came from the south-east, and hardly ruffled the water. The start was to have been made at 6.10, but even the efforts of the official boat, along with the Argonaut fours, doubles, and war canoe, were not successful in clearing the course until long after that hour.

The *Luella*, on which were referee Joseph Wright and other officials, Press representatives, and a number of guests, left the Argonaut Rowing Clubhouse at 20 minutes past 5 o'clock. In the party were Hon. J. J. Foy, Hon. Adam Beck, Hon. — Monteith, A. C. Macdonell, M.P., Ald. Sheppard, Dunn and Church, H. J. P. Good, and David Ward. The presence of these two last-mentioned gentlemen recalled many stirring aquatic struggles on Toronto Bay, in which Hanlan, Ross, Trickett, Gaudaur, Teemer, and other scullers, famous twenty years ago, were contestants. The *Luella* made for Centre Island, where "Uncle Dick" Hodgkinson, Sullivan's official representative, and Mrs. Sullivan, accompanied by a lady friend, came aboard. It was nearly 6 o'clock when the boat started for Hanlan's Point, where Mr. P. J. Mulqueen, who looked after Durnan's interests, Lou Scholes, and others joined the party. The official boat was unable to take up a position at the starting point, owing to the shallow water, and went down the course, where she lay 300 yards from the start. The representatives of the scullers now tossed for positions. They stood in the bow of the boat, and "Pat" Mulqueen, producing a new American silver dollar, threw it up in the air. "Tails!" cried Sullivan's representative, but the coin showed the reverse side, and Durnan's representative chose the inside position on the south side of the shore.

A lot of valuable time had been lost, and the boats had gradually worked their way over on the course; in fact, to such an extent that the race could not be started. Referee Wright again worked with might and main to clear the course, and whilst he was engaged in this

herculean task Durnan paddled down the course, and, drawing up alongside the *Luella,* protested against further delay, and announced that he would not row, as under the articles the race must be started before half-past 6 o'clock. With this display of petulance, the Toronto sculler rowed back to the starting point. It was exactly 30 minutes past 6 o'clock when this incident occurred.

For almost ten minutes the efforts of the officials to clear the course were redoubled, and finally, at 6.47, starter Pearson got his men off to an even start. Durnan romped away from his buoy like a quarter-horse, pulling 36 strokes to the minute, whilst Sullivan pulled 34. Durnan soon assumed a slight lead, which increased to almost a length as the scullers approached the referee's boat. "Durnan has got him sure!" exclaimed the Toronto man's partisans on the *Luella.* A moment later their exultation changed to chagrin, for Sullivan dug his oars into the water with greater force and more speed, and his shell forged to the front. It was so quickly done that Durnan was plainly disconcerted. He missed a stroke with his left oar, and he kept watching his opponent. Sullivan's style was by no means as finished as Durnan's, but he plugged away in a style that kept his boat moving at a fast rate, and increased somewhat his lead, which at the R.C.Y.C. Clubhouse was fully a length. Sullivan had not steered a straight course, and his shell was well over in Durnan's water, and "Pat" Mulqueen called the referee's attention to the possibility of a foul. Still keeping his stroke up to 34, Sullivan maintained his lead, but Durnan spurted within 200 yards of the turning buoys, and reduced Sullivan's advantage to a half length. Durnan was the first to look around and locate the buoys, for which he was steering straight. Sullivan, on the other hand, was out of his water, and they struck their buoys at the same time. Durnan made a beautiful turn, but Sullivan did not, and the Toronto sculler started on the homeward journey with a length's lead. With the wind in his favour and in front of his opponent, Durnan fairly made his shell leap through the water. Sullivan appeared to be rowed out. His stroke lacked power and fell to 26 to the minute. He looked around and saw Durnan now four lengths ahead. From this point to the finish it was a procession. Sullivan had shot his bolt. The pace to the turning buoys had told its tale. His powers were exhausted, and he was no longer able to give battle to his younger and more vigorous opponent. Durnan improved his lead as he pleased, and half a mile from the finish he stopped rowing and waved his hands to his friends on the referee's boat. Then he grasped his oars again and continued on his victorious way to the finish line, fifteen or twenty lengths in front of Sullivan, who laboured painfully to the end. The official time was given as 20 min. 55 4-5 sec.

Durnan got a reception that his victory merited. Nor was Sullivan forgotten. Durnan rowed over to his defeated opponent and grasped him by the hand. Sullivan called for cheers for Durnan, and patted his conqueror on the back. There was considerable betting on the result of the race. In some instances slight odds were given on Sullivan. Sullivan is reported to have lost nearly 1,000 dollars, besides his stake money, and his friend, Mr. Hodgkinson, was also a big loser. After the race Sullivan returned to his quarters at Centre Island. He had no excuses to offer for his defeat, which he accepted philosophically. Sullivan rowed his Clasper boat and Durnan his Ward shell. After the race Durnan said Sullivan had certainly surprised him in the first part of the race, but after he had passed the R.Y.C. Clubhouse he felt that his opponent had shot his bolt and that he would defeat him. Durnan was, shortly after the race, handed a cheque for the stake money, amounting to 2,000 dollars.

The result of the Durnan-Sullivan boat race was generally discussed yesterday, says the same authority of the 25th ult. Sullivan's collapse, after the training buoy had been reached, was due to a pain in his side, and was so acute that the English sculler said he felt as if a knife had been thrust into his body. Sullivan believes the trouble was caused

by his taking part in a tug-of-war on the steamer coming across the Atlantic. This trouble disappeared as the visiting sculler continued his training on Toronto Bay. Well posted rowing men said at the time that something had happened to Sullivan, as he certainly gave no indications of being played out as he made for his buoy. Durnan and Sullivan met in King-street hotel yesterday, and several bottles were opened while the two principals and their friends discussed the race. Sullivan and his wife will visit Winnipeg, and then return to Toronto and Niagara Falls before sailing for home. Sullivan is without doubt the most popular athlete who has ever invaded this city. Wednesday night more than 150 Centre Island residents gathered in front of the house at which Sullivan is staying. Cheers were given for Sullivan as he appeared, and he was called upon for a speech, a request he complied with. To-morrow night Sullivan will be entertained by the local rowing men. Sullivan gives Durnan credit for his victory. He frankly acknowledges that he and his party underrated the Toronto sculler. The latter's friends predict that he will bring the world's championship back to Toronto.

International Congress on Physical Education.

A correspondent writes to *The Times*:—"The second International Congress on Physical Education, organised by the Belgian section of the permanent international committee, opened on August 28 at Liège, and was closed on September 1. It was attended by delegates representing most of the European nations, the States of North and South America, and Japan. Among those who filled the presidential chair at the various meetings were M. de Trooz, Minister of the Interior and of Public Instruction in Belgium, and M. G. Demeny, director of the superior course of physical education in Paris. The following questions were submitted to the congress for discussion—(1) The general situation—report by the Bureau of the Permanent International Committee of Physical Education. (2) Inquiries and statistics on the actual conditions of physical education in the various countries; reports from national delegates. (3) The scientific basis of physical education. (4) The physical education of the child and youth in the schools of both sexes—organization, programmes, methods, hours, instruction, etc. (5) University instruction and preparation of professors and teachers—organization, programmes, normal schools, etc. (6) The physical education of the working classes—post school work, popular fêtes, etc. (7) The unification of gymnastic terminology. In connection with the above programme, several very interesting and valuable papers were read, notably those of Messrs. Correman and Demoor, but it must be admitted that as a whole the practical results achieved by the congress were disappointing. The debates tended to degenerate into criticisms of some one system of gymnastics by exponents of other systems, the Swedish system of gymnastics being chiefly subject to these attacks. A very valuable feature of the congress was the interesting demonstration given by M. Demeny of his anthropometrical instruments, and apparatus and photographs for illustrating the anatomical details and dinamical principles involved in the various physical exercises."

Light-weight Boxing Championship of the World.

DANE BEATS YANK.

* * *

The Light-weight Championship of the World has been won by Nelson, the Dane, who defeated Jimmy Britt, the "Pride of America," at San Francisco. According to cables to *The Daily Telegraph*, the fight roused tremendous interest throughout the States. Although Britt showed remarkable pluck and grit, he was knocked out after eighteen rounds. Both men had received a terrible pounding. Nelson won because he was the stronger man, and continued to hit harder after being hammered himself. Nelson would not accept Jim Jeffries as referee, and owing to this dispute, all bets were declared off, and the fight was merely for money. The gate receipts came to nearly £7,000, of which about £2,500 go to Nelson and £1,750 to Britt.

Britt was so much faster than the Dane that he landed two blows to Nelson's one all the way through the fight. They were hard blows, too, and often staggered the man from Denmark; but no matter how hard and how often he was hit, Nelson always kept boring in after his man. In this respect Nelson strongly resembles Fitzsimmons, the great English fighter, who is now domesticated on this side of the Atlantic. Nelson, like Fitzsimmons, can bore, bore, bore, while taking tremendous punishment, until his opponent drops down almost from sheer exhaustion.

In the fifteenth round, Nelson, for the first time in his career, was compelled to break ground, and gave way for a moment before the blows of his antagonist. Britt hooked him so fiercely with both hands on the ribs and jaw that, for a moment, the Dane's strength apparently failed him. A perfect hurricane of cheers rewarded the American champion, and, at the moment, victory seemed well within reach.

But the Dane was as oblivious of the cheers for Britt as of the hooting which greeted himself when he stripped for battle. In an instant he rallied, and charged back at Britt with as much fury as if the fight was just beginning. Britt was still the aggressor when the end came in the eighteenth round. He had peppered Nelson across the ring with head and body blows in quick succession, when the Dane, with his left, landed a smashing blow on Britt's chin, which made the American totter.

When Nelson saw his man quivering he whanged him on the other side of the jaw with a right swing, with every ounce of his weight in it, which brought Britt to the floor like a log. At the end of ten seconds Britt, weak, helpless, almost unconscious, was utterly unable to rise, and the greatest light-weight fight of modern times, to quote the referee's description, concluded.

It was only natural, perhaps, that popular sympathy should go with Britt, who had been introduced as a "native son of the Golden West and the pride of America." But the Dane's knock-out blow certainly left no room for argument regarding the referee's decision.

New Zealand Footballers.

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

OUR numerous readers "down under" will no doubt be keenly interested in the doings of the Rugby footballers from New Zealand who arrived at Plymouth on September 8, on board the New Zealand Shipping Company's R.M.S. *Rimutaka*. At Plymouth, to meet them, were Mr. C. Palliser, from the office of the Agent-General of New Zealand, Mr. T. C. Pring (Exeter), of the Devon Rugby Union, and Mr. W. S. Donne (Castle Carey), of the Somerset Rugby Union, the two latter extending the arrivals a welcome on behalf of the English Rugby Union, as well as of their own Unions.

Asked as to the prospects of his team, Mr. Dixon, the manager, confidently expressed the opinion that the players would render a good account of themselves on the field. The men had been picked on form, and past reputations had not been considered by the Selection Committee. In New Zealand the keenest interest was being evinced in the tour, and the performances of the team would be closely followed, as football was the national game of the Colony—men, women and children alike being enthusiastic followers of it. Continuing, Mr. Dixon said the popular code in New Zealand was Rugby. Everyone played the game. Association had not found great favour with the general public. It had evidently not "caught on." Every town or village of any size had its team or teams. The greatest possible rivalry existed throughout the Colony. The Inter-Provincial Competition, on the lines of the English county matches, excited the keenest interest, the championship being held in turn by various provinces. Football was not peculiar to any particular district—it prevailed all over the Colony, all classes participating in the game. The natives—the Maoris—play football a good deal, but not to the extent they did some years ago, when the game was high in their favour, and their play was distinctly good. Now, however, their play had deteriorated, and the Colonials were able easily to vanquish them. Proceeding to speak of his team, Mr. Dixon said they had brought over twenty-eight players, viz. :—

THE PLAYERS.

H. Abbott, 13 st., Taranaki.
G. Gillett, 12 st. 8 lb., Canterbury.
E. E. Booth, 11 st. 10 lb., Otago.
W. J. Wallace, 11 st. 12 lb., Wellington.
D. McGregor, 12 st. 2 lb., Wellington.
H. Thompson, 10 st. 12 lb., Waganui.
G. W. Smith, 11 st. 4 lb., Auckland.
E. T. Harper, 12 st. 6 lb., Canterbury.
H. J. Mynott, 11 st. 4 lb., Taranaki.
R. G. Deans, 13 st. 10 lb., Canterbury.
J. Hunter, 11 st. 4 lb., Taranaki.
W. Steed, 10 st., Southland.
F. Roberts, 12 st. 4 lb., Wellington (all of the back division).
W. Cunningham, 14 st. 6 lb., Auckland.
A. H. Casey, 12 st. 11 lb., Otago.
G. Tyler, 12 st. 12 lb., Auckland.
D. Gallagher, 12 st. 8 lb., Auckland.
W. Mackerell, 12 st. 8 lb., Auckland.
F. Glasgow, 13 st., Taranaki.
J. Corbett, 13 st. 5 lb., Westland.
W. Johnston, 13 st. 6 lb., Otago.
A. McDonald, 12 st. 12 lb., Otago.
F. Newton, 14 st. 6 lb., Canterbury.
C. Seeling, 13 st. 7 lb., Auckland.
G. W. Nicholson, 13 st. 10 lb., Auckland.
J. O'Sullivan, 13 st. 7 lb., Taranaki.
G. C. Glenn, 12 st. 7 lb., Taranaki (forwards).

Mr. J. Duncan, Otago, an old player, is also available for the back division.

Speaking of their style of play, the manager said they played absolutely under the rules of the E.R.U. On the field, however, they would present some little difference in formation, as in the colony it was the custom to play the three-quarter game with another player known as a five-eighth, really a third half-back to work the "scrum," while the others stood off. Asked whether these tactics would be indulged in throughout the tour, Mr. Dixon said that would depend on circumstances, but at the outset certainly.

"During the voyage," said Mr. Dixon, "the members of the team have indulged in running, etc., to keep in condition as much as possible, but for the next week we are going for training at Newton Abbot in preparation for the first match. The men are all in good spirits and eager for the fray. As soon as the stiffness consequent on the voyage has worn off, they have every confidence, and feel sure of giving a good account of themselves. Personally, I think the team I have charge of fairly represents the strength of New Zealand. There has been no sickness to speak of during the voyage, and the men are now in excellent condition and ready for their work."

The team played their first match on Saturday last against Devon, at Exeter, and the remaining fixtures of the tour are as follow:—

September 23rd, *v.* Bristol, at Bristol; 28th, *v.* Northampton, at Northampton; 30th, *v.* Leicester, at Leicester.

October 4th, *v.* Middlesex, in London; 7th, *v.* Durham, in Durham; 11th, *v.* The Hartlepools, at Hartlepool; 14th, *v.* Northumberland, at North Shields; 19th, *v.* Gloucester City, at Gloucester; 21st, *v.* Somerset, at Taunton; 25th, *v.* Devonport Albion, at Devonport; 28th, *v.* Midland Counties, at Leicester.

November 1st, *v.* Surrey, at Richmond; 4th, *v.* Blackheath, at Blackheath; 7th, *v.* Oxford University, at Oxford; 9th, *v.* Cambridge University, at Cambridge; 11th, *v.* Richmond, at Richmond; 15th, *v.* Bedford, at Bedford; 18th, *v.* Scotland, at Edinburgh; 22nd, *v.* West of Scotland, at Glasgow; 25th, *v.* Ireland, at Ireland; 29th, *v.* Munster, at Limerick.

December 2nd, *v.* England, in London; 6th, *v.* Cheltenham, at Cheltenham; 9th, *v.* Cheshire, at Birkenhead; 13th, *v.* Yorkshire, in Yorkshire; 16th, *v.* Wales, in Wales; 20th or 21st, *v.* Glamorgan, in Glamorgan; 23rd, *v.* Newport, at Newport; 26th, *v.* Cardiff, at Cardiff; 30th, *v.* Swansea, at Swansea.

The Press and Sport.

Says "Dagonet" in the *Referee*:—

"Nothing could be more significant of the national craze for looking on at games than the conduct of several of our great leading dailies, which gave up the principal column on the chief news page to the announcement of their arrangements for the football season. All the mighty events of the world were pushed aside that the pride of place might be given to a pastime.

"To contemplate cricket and follow football are amusements innocent and healthy enough in themselves, but when games have got such a grip of the nation's thoughts that our great public organs consider them of far more importance than the world's mightiest events, the progress of humanity and the prosperity of the people, the patriotic Briton may be excused if he asks himself anxiously whether we are not carrying the cult of cricket and the fetich of football a little too far.

"What the youth of England need is a few more games without the g."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

More New Features.

One of the following thrilling personal sketches will appear each week under the title, "The Tightest Place I was ever in":

MY RACE FOR LIFE.

By LOUIS BECKE (Author of "Old Convict Days," &c.)

ALMOST SHOT FOR AN OUTLAW.

By R. M. MACDONALD (Gold and Sapphire Miner.)

IN A TEXAN BARN.

By R. B. TOWNSHEND (the Mexican Traveller and Author.)

A GRIZZLY FIGHTIN' MAD.

By "SIOUX" (a Famous Canadian Civil Servant.)

LOST IN THE SPITZBERGEN ICEFLOES.

By CAPT. F. G. JACKSON (of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition.)

LOUIS BECKE will tell how whilst prospecting for copper on the coast of New Guinea, two of the author's companions were killed by savages, whilst he and another kept up a running fight along the banks of a creek until the shore was reached, when both men were rescued at a most critical moment by a boat from their ship. "My Race for Life is a realistic narrative."

R. M. MACDONALD, a wanderer in many lands, contributes "Almost Shot for an Outlaw." At the time of the Klondyke rush, a gang of desperadoes plundered Mr. Macdonald's camp. At Lindemann Mr. Macdonald was found to be wearing the boots of the chief outlaw upon whom he had retaliated, and was led out by the firing party to the riverside. . . . "'Three!' The words followed by the rifle-reports sounded faintly in my ears, a thunderous roar reverberated everywhere," and then—Mr. Macdonald escaped by the skin of his teeth: *how* the article thrillingly reveals.

R. B. TOWNSHEND, author of "Lone Pine," and other romances of Texas, tells how he narrowly escaped death from the horns of a wounded bull. Marvellous—exciting—thrilling in the extreme.

"SIOUX." Overtaken in the Rockies by an early snow-fall, "Sioux," and his companion camped near their dead pack-horse, by whose side a bear trap was placed. One evening, whilst his friend was going the round of his traps, the Author strolled to a neighbouring spring where he was ambushed and pursued by a raging grizzly. After a wildly exciting chase pursuer and pursued fell into a deep snowdrift, where the latter's foot was caught in the cleft branch of a tree, whilst the bear, within a hair's breadth of striking distance was anchored by the trap-chain and log, caught between two slender pines. The Author's escape was sudden, unexpected, and only just in time.

CAPTAIN F. G. JACKSON, leader of more than one Polar expedition, sets down his "tightest corner"—a drift off the shore of Spitzbergen, in an ice-packed sea. How ever the small boat came to safety was a marvel. "Lost in the Spitzbergen Icefloes" is a most extraordinary narrative.

Notes of the Week.

* * *

To the Editor, Sandow's Magazine.

Dear Sir,

I am exceedingly pleased with my medal, and thank you very much. I am glad to say that I am steadily improving under the Sandow system. Your magazine is a great success, and I can assure you that it is well read in Southport and district.

Wishing the magazine every success,

I am yours, etc.,
W. H. Stephenson.

Southport, Lancashire,
10th *August*, 1905.

* * *

Mr. Marcus Moulton, whose experiences of Physical Culture we published on August 24th, writes pointing out a slight discrepancy (the result of a printer's error) in his measurements. His calf was returned at 13 ins., both before and after training, whereas it should have now been 15 ins.

* * *

The Corset Question.

"A Mere Man," writing to *The Oswestry Advertiser*, says:—

"May I submit three valuable opinions, strongly unfavourable to the wearing of corsets, and ask the pro-corsetites what they have to say in reply to these?

"(1) The German Imperial Board of Health issue a memorandum on the treatment of Tuberculosis, and under the section, 'Measures for Strengthening the Body,' they say, 'Discard the follies of fashion that hamper the free movement of the body, *e.g.*, the corset and belt.'

"(2) Eugen Sandow, whose name is well known in connection with physical development, says: 'There can be no question but that the strengthening of certain muscles should enable ladies entirely to dispense with corsets for the purpose of improving their figures, more especially if exercises of a suitable nature were taken up early enough.'

"(3) Dr. W. Collingridge, the Medical Officer of Health for London, says: 'Common sense teaches us that corsets are eminently unsuitable. Who ever heard, for instance, of a breeder of horses thinking it necessary to put a tight bandage that would correspond to our corset round a mare? In fact, if such a course were pursued, it is more than probable that the man would be prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Many doctors affirm that the reason why so many women die of cancer is due to compression caused by the corset. Internal organs, which in the female, even more than in the male, require space for development, are not only prevented from doing so, but are often crushed out of their natural place altogether, and so a derangement of the whole system is set up; or it often happens that a slight wound which, in the natural order of things, would quickly heal, by constant chafing of the pressure of the corset, assumes in time malignant growth, and may develop into cancer."

—— Sporting Notes. ——

* * *

Swimming.

The swim in which Burgess, Billington, Holbein, Nuttall, Paulus, Miss Kellerman, and others took part in Paris, on September 10th, has been incorrectly described as a race. The event was nothing more than a series of exhibition swims. At the last moment the Union Societe Francais Sport Athletique gave permission for the amateurs to take part in it, and they did so. That it was not a contest is indicated by the fact that the swimmers entered the water at different times, whereas, had it been a race, it is certain that the whole eight would have been despatched at once. Everybody was clocked, and afterwards when it was found that Paulus—who is forty-four years of age—had finished the journey in the fastest time, he was hailed as a winner, and the numerous newspaper correspondents appear to have fallen into the error of reporting him as such. From a French point of view, this may be regarded as a victory, but it will not be so in England. Indeed, English swimmers have no doubt whatever that Billington could have beaten all who competed over the course were he trying his hardest. The water was very choppy indeed, and it was anything but an easy swim for those who took part in it, for the Seine abounds in hot and cold springs.

* * *

In drawing attention to the remarks made by Mr. E. W. Baxter, at an inquest on a lighterman who was drowned, when the coroner dwelt on the fact that only about one in twenty could swim, Mr. J. Titchener writes:—"May I point out that every year, for the past nineteen, I have given valuable prizes and money—in all over £1,000 during that period—with the special idea of promoting swimming amongst watermen, lightermen, seamen, and all persons employed on the river or docks? These competitions take place in September every year, and this year were held at the Westminster Baths, on Monday, September 18th. There are many expert swimmers amongst watermen and lightermen, and, I am pleased to say, that my exertions in this direction have induced many to learn to swim who otherwise would not have tried to do so."

* * *

Owing to the very boisterous weather on Sept. 9, it was impossible to bring off the Otter Club's annual half-mile race in the sea at Brighton. Many members journeyed from London, and it was therefore decided to hold a quarter-mile handicap in the Corporation Baths, the final heat resulting in a win for R. G. F. Cohen, 7 secs. start. E. G. Head, 20, was second; E. S. Thorpe, 50, third; and F. N. Carr, 90, fourth. Twenty-four started. Won by four yards; half that distance separating second and third. For the thirty-fifth year in succession the prizes were presented by Mr. J. W. Rope, who afterwards entertained the members and visitors to dinner at the Royal York Hotel.

* * *

During the last two months the many clubs affiliated to the Amateur Diving Association have arranged a series of diving contests with a view of selecting a suitable representative to compete in

the Amateur Diving Association's championship, the final competition of which was contested on Sept. 9 at Highgate Ponds. Unfortunately, wretched weather prevailed. After a keen contest, L. Mansfield, East Ham S.C., with 43½ points, won; E. C. Forsyth, Amateur S.C., 31½, was second; S. Vincent, *Answers* S.C., 29, third; F. L. Pettitt, Belle Sauvage S.C., 23, fourth; and W. Reid, East India, 22½, fifth.

Rowing.

Last season the advisability of placing the old Tyne Christmas Sculling Handicap on a new basis was freely discussed. The subject has now been reopened and a meeting held at Mr. Hails's Royal Hotel, Newcastle, over 50 being present, including the secretaries of the principal professional rowing clubs in the North. Mr. J. Chariton, Hawthorn Club, presided, and, after some discussion, it was decided that the public be asked for subscriptions, a contribution of a guinea carrying with it the right to vote for a committee, who shall conduct what is to be termed an All-England Handicap. Collecting books will be issued, but none are genuine which do not bear Mr. Hails's name. A committee, *pro tem.* was elected, consisting of Messrs. J. Chariton, Geo. Drummond, W. Veitch, M. Hails, W. Boyd, Hepplewhite, Allen, Nelson, and the Northern R.C. secretary. The utmost enthusiasm is being shown in the endeavour to form a first-class handicap, which shall be above suspicion, and already a considerable sum has been promised, the idea being that well over £150 can be offered for open competition. The matter will doubtless prove of great interest to Thames scullers, who have always supported the fixture.

Wrestling.

There was a record attendance at the Metropole Theatre, Camberwell, on September 8th, the house being packed in every part when Peter Gotz and Albert Ottenbreit met to wrestle the best of three falls in the catch-as-catch-can style for £50 a-side and the world's light-weight championship. Gotz, from the outset, forced the pace, and cleverly gained the first fall in 12 mins. 30 secs. An interval of five minutes was then given the men, after which they again resumed the contest. In the second and last bout Gotz gave Ottenbreit no rest whatever, and always had him in positions from which the Prussian had great difficulty in extricating himself. After sixteen minutes had elapsed, and Ottenbreit was weakening fast, Gotz got on his favourite lock, the scissors, by which he defeated Ottenbreit in 17 mins. 1 sec.

* * *

In reply to the letter of Tom Jenkins, Antonio Pierri, manager to Madrali, writes as follows:—"I am thoroughly against a paper argument. Jenkins suggests that Madrali is unreasonable because he will not accept any challenge prior to his match with Hackenschmidt. I quite fail to appreciate that. Madrali's match with Hackenschmidt was made on Tuesday, June 20th, last, and, according to the articles of agreement, it will take place between October 2nd and 23rd next. We hope that Hackenschmidt will decide to wrestle as near October 2nd as possible, as Madrali is fit and anxious to accept other engagements as soon as this match is settled. To Jenkins I will promise this—that as soon as the Madrali-Hackenschmidt match is decided, Madrali will wrestle him in catch-as-catch-can style for as much money as Jenkins cares to find, but, until the aforesaid match is settled, he cannot take him on."

* * *

Hackenschmidt is endeavouring to obtain an alteration in the articles of agreement for his match with Madrali, so far as the date is concerned. Mr. Cochran, the Russian's manager, writes as follows:—"It will be quite impossible for Georges Hackenschmidt to meet Madrali within the time specified

in the articles of agreement, viz., between October 2nd and 23rd, owing to his music-hall engagements, and I trust Antonio Pierri will agree to a postponement of the contest until the end of November or beginning of December. I have done my utmost to rearrange Mr. Hackenschmidt's engagements in order to bring off the match as soon as possible, but the managers who have him under contract refuse to give way, and will not allow him to wrestle elsewhere than in their theatres whilst he is under contract to them."

Athletics and Cycling.

The weather was too bad for anything in the shape of field sports—save, of course, football—on September 9, and consequently postponements were the order rather than the exception. The last of the N.C.U. championships were to have been decided at the Crystal Palace, but the steady and lasting downpour prevented them taking place. The officials waited until four o'clock in the hope that the rain would cease, and as the outlook then was as bad as ever, Mr. J. Blair, the official judge, announced to the racing men and the few spectators who were present that the meeting was postponed until to-day. Among the riders who were on the spot in the event of a clear-up in the weather department were Leon Meredith, V. B. Casey (London mile champion), H. D. Buck, G. H. Blakesley, W. C. Le Grys, J. Cordery, G. F. Summers, A. E. Wills, J. Matthews, and others. The events for decision were the ten miles championship of the London Centre, the final of the mile team race between the Putney and Paddington Clubs for the "Turner" Cup, and two handicaps at the quarter-mile and half-mile distances.

William Buckler, of Newport, Monmouthshire, established a new record at the Ardwick Athletic Grounds, Manchester, on September 11th, by completing a walk of 2,028 miles 720 yards in one thousand consecutive hours. He covered two miles and fifty yards every hour, and walked night and day for nearly six weeks.

Buckler has thus beaten his two thousand miles record, created at Leeds last June.

Miscellaneous.

Never has an event in the golfing world aroused so much interest as the International Foursomes between Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor (England), and James Braid and Alexander Herd (Scotland), for £200 a-side, which ended on the links of the Cinque Ports Club, at Deal, on September 9th. At the end of the first stage at St. Andrew's, the Scotsmen held a lead of 2 up, but their remarkable collapse at Troon left the English couple with the substantial lead of 12 up, with 72 holes to play. By reducing their deficit to 7 down at St. Anne's, Braid and Herd did something towards redeeming their position, but 7 holes is a big leeway for even such giants as Braid and Herd to make up in the course of a couple of rounds, and, as it happened, they again chanced to find Vardon and Taylor in irresistible form. Instead of losing any of the lead with which they started, the Englishmen won hole after hole, and finally gained the victory on the sixth hole, in the afternoon, by 13 up and 12 to play.

* * *

The M.C.C.'s proposal to the South African Cricket Association with reference to sending a cricket team out to tour South Africa has been accepted. The team, which will be a really strong one, ought to leave at the end of next month or the beginning of November.

* * *

Napier II., an English launch, won the Harmsworth Cup in the international motor-boat race, which was decided at Arcachon on September 11th. Her time was 1 hr. 32 mins. 20 secs.

The other competitors were: Napier and Brook (English) and Mab (French).

There was a large gathering, representative of English and French motorists.

Sandow's Magazine Physical Culture Competition.

Having regard to the rapid strides in popularity which have been made recently by physical culture, and the fact that five years have elapsed since we instituted our Great Competition, which, as everyone knows, culminated in the mammoth gathering at the Albert Hall, we feel that the inauguration of this magazine in its new form would be a fitting time to revive the Competition which was such a signal success before. The conditions on the present occasion will be slightly varied in order to meet the altered state of things which prevail. It will be remembered that in the first great Competition all entrants were on an equal, but as this is obviously to the great disadvantage of those whose bodies are not fully developed, this time we shall give, each month, medals for two classes, full particulars being given in the conditions set out below.

Conditions of the Competition.

(1) The Competition will be for the purpose of encouraging physical culture amongst all classes.

(2) The judging will be from photographs (back and front if possible) and properly authenticated measurements on the coupon.

(3) A Gold Medal will be presented each month to the one who in the opinion of the judges, shows the best development and most symmetrical measurements amongst (a) those eighteen years of age or under, and (b) those over eighteen years of age.

(4) No photos will be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

(5) The right is reserved to publish any of the photos submitted for competition.

(6) **No winner in a previous competition is eligible.**

(7) The coupon on another page stands good until the last day of the month, and the awards will be announced in another issue.

(8) Competitors from abroad will be entered in the month of receipt of Coupon providing it was sent during the month for which it is available.

As a new generation, so to speak, of physical culturists has sprung up since the first competition, it will be interesting to compare the general physique then and now.

And Editorial Chat.

ALTHOUGH I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, you must remember that space is limited, and I *cannot* prescribe courses here.

The attention of my readers is called to an announcement on the opposite page.

All communications relating to instruction by post should be addressed to me at Basing House, Basinghall Street, E.C., and these will receive prompt attention.

Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.

C. J. DOUGLAS (GLASGOW).—I should not advise you to undertake so arduous an undertaking; it is quite beyond your powers. In any case, consult a qualified medical man as to your capabilities.

J. COLKIN (HINCKLEY).—Many thanks for letter. Glad to know that you are progressing in such a satisfactory manner. Go on with your good work.

E. J. D. (UTOPIA).—Thanks for the suggestion contained in your letter. There is already in existence a metal cast of a statuette of Mr. Sandow by the well-known sculptor Pomeroy. These are on sale at two guineas each.

A. READER.—Thanks for drawing attention to the matter, which has been rectified and should have been done before.

A. V. BRIGHT (NOTTINGHAM).—Will answer you fully as soon as possible. There are so many applications that I am bound to take them in rotation.

H. H. LOWE (NORTHWICH).—Letter and photos to hand. Thanks for good wishes.

Sandow's —— Pose,

No. 29 can be had separately, printed on Fine Art Paper suitable for framing.

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Our Ladies' Page.

A company of "girl soldiers" has been organised at Englewood, eleven miles from Columbia, writes the *Express* correspondent at St. Louis.

The new military body is principally composed of the daughters of Boone County farmers, and their main object is to demonstrate the fact that properly drilled and armed, women would prove themselves as effective soldiers as the stronger sex.

Before a crowd of curious sight-seers the girl soldiers gave a striking exhibition at Englewood, and proved themselves as efficient as regular troops.

Sir George Young's opposition to the provision of a bathing-place for the ladies of Odney, Cookham, continues to take an active form. Some months ago, on what he declared to be public and private grounds, Sir George destroyed dams which had been specially constructed for ladies at considerable expense by Mr. E. Cooper and a committee. As a substitute, Mr. Cooper had a temporary dam formed, and has also had a tent erected daily. Recently, after about twenty ladies had bathed, Sir George Young appeared, and hurled the tent into the water, while later he sent his man to demolish the temporary dam also.

Mr. Sandow's Return.

Mr. Sandow returned to England on Monday last, after his long tour in the East, and was accorded a public reception on his arrival. A special train was run from Charing Cross to Dover, bearing a large party to welcome him and Mrs. Sandow. At Charing Cross there was another big reception.

Mr. Sandow has been making a grand tour of the East, lecturing on his well-known theories and precepts. He has visited all the biggest towns in India, Burmah, Java, Japan, and China, and has been received everywhere with enthusiasm. With him travelled a unique company of 29 athletes from different countries—Japan, China, India, Russia, Germany, etc. Some of them started with him, others joined the company at various points. They have all been trained by the famous Sandow system. Some of them are returning with Mr. Sandow. The natives of the Indian peninsula displayed a remarkable interest in Sandow's methods, and he had some overflowing audiences there, as he did also in Japan.

SPORTING PATENTS.

This list of Patents is specially prepared for SANDOW'S MAGAZINE by Mr. C. F. Ennis, of Jessel Chambers, 88 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., Registered Patent Agent (by Examination), from whom all information relating to Patents may be had on application:—

Applications for Patents August 28th-September 2nd, 1905:—

17488. W. Hommel, London. Method of and apparatus for pointing firearms.

17686. T. McNaughton, Paisley, N.B. Telescopic attachment to act as a stand, to be fixed to golf bags, old and new.

17805. Aktieselskabet Nygaards Gevaerkompagni, London. Improvements relating to devices for lessening the sound of discharge of small arms. (Antedated.) (Complete Specification.)

Specifications Published September 7th, 1905:

22337 of 1904. H. L. Buck, Quebec. Sights for firearms.

44 of 1905. W. F. King, Bournemouth. Golfing tees.

1389 of 1905. E. H. Parsons and L. B. Taylor, Bourneville, near Birmingham. Sights for firearms.

1505 of 1905. E. Sanner, Nacère St. Etienne, France. Small arms.

1570 of 1905. J. G. Fraser, Wimbledon. Handles or grips for tennis and other racquets golf clubs, cricket bats, etc.

12539 of 1905. F. J. Choles, Pietermaritzburg. Portable targets for rifle practice.

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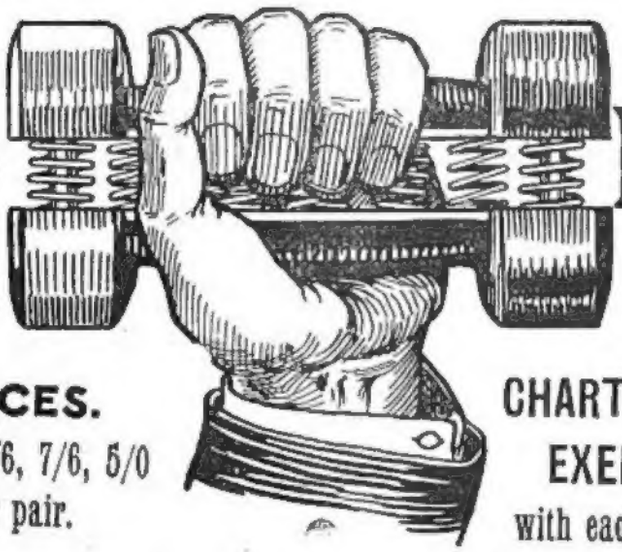

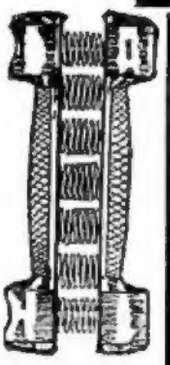

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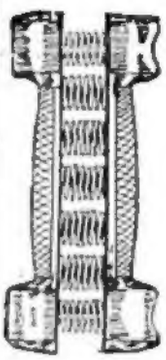

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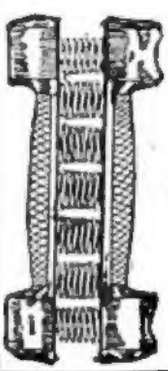

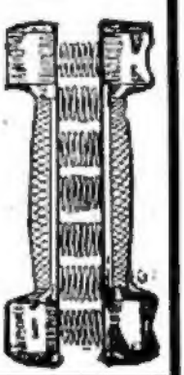

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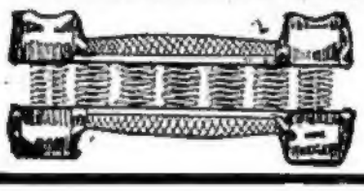

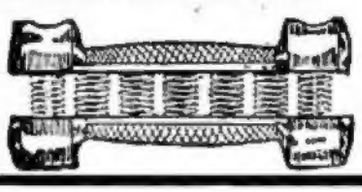

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